

## How Many Years Did You Take (Because That's How Long You Deserve to Burn) by emrys (livingshitpost)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Canon, Alternate Universe - Canon, Canon Era, Canon Related, Canon Universe, Canon-Typical Violence, Child Abandonment, Child Abuse, Child Neglect, Childhood Trauma, Could Be Canon, Drugs, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Gen, Historical References, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Implied/Referenced Drug Use, Isolation, Justice, LSD, Major Original Character(s), Not Beta Read, Not Really Character Death, Original Character(s), Original Character-centric, Past Child Abuse, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Psychic Abilities, Psychological Torture, Psychological Trauma, Psychotropic Drugs, References to Drugs, Revenge, Sensory Deprivation, Telekinesis, Trauma, Verbal Abuse, but probably not when s3 comes out lmao

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Martin Brenner, Original Characters, Original Child Character(s)

**Relationships:** Martin Brenner & Original Characters

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-12-30

**Updated:** 2017-12-30

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 14:55:05

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 185

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

## How Many Years Did You Take (Because That's How Long You Deserve to Burn)

"How many?"

"I don't know."

I kicked him.

"I said, *how many?*"

He spat blood at my feet.

"Tell me!"

"Thirty. At least."

The lights flickered.

"Multiply that by ten. Twelve. Fourteen. Come on, you're a scientist. Crunch the numbers. This should be easy."

"Three hundred. Three-sixty. Uh, four-twenty."

I squatted down and grabbed his jaw with one hand. I turned him to face me.

"You said 'at least,' am I correct?"

He nodded.

"Then let's add them up. What would that be, Martin?"

"One-one thousand-eighty."

I looked him dead in the eye.

"That's a start."

I released my grip on him.

"What do you think, Sev?"

"Double it."

"Martin, what's one thousand-eighty times two?"

"Two thousand-one hundred-sixty."

"Two, your name came up first in that one. What do you say?"

"He'll never be able to pay us back." Combat boots hit the cement.  
"But it'll have to do."

Seven raised her hand.

"No, please-"

"We didn't get a say in what you did to us," I interrupted. "So you don't get a say in this."

He froze.

"Burn in Hell, *Papa*."

And he did.